

The
Frances Shimer
Record

December, 1913

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor; withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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Dean Mathews

Sunday, November 9, brought a memorable event in the visit to the School of Dr. Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. Probably no visitor in years claimed more attention. Dean Mathews seemed to own the town and School even before he arrived. This is due, perhaps, to the great hold he has upon his friends and former pupils, several of whom had helped to advertise his coming. A double interest was aroused by the prospect of meeting Mrs. Mathews but all were disappointed by the telegram announcing a sudden illness which kept Mrs. Mathews in Chicago.

A reception on Saturday evening gave all the girls an opportunity to meet Dean Mathews and confirmed their expectations. He was genial and radiant. Within a few hours he was thoroughly at home in the School and a lifelong friend. Many commented on his wonderful memory of faces and names. Several times in a spirit of fun, jobs were put up to test him. In most cases the astonishing fact seemed to be not that he remembered new acquaintances but that anyone might expect him to forget. Of course, by Sunday, the speaker in the pulpit had become an old friend to everybody.

Sunday brought further surprises. Dean Mathews is utterly unlike most speakers. His manner is conversational, good natured, one might

dare to say "chummy" if it were not for the uplift of his addresses. He has the ability to popularize deep things and is not afraid of a little humor. It seems part of himself, a good-natured, spontaneous appreciation of life.

Practically the whole School attended services at the Baptist Church, where the Dean spoke. It was a fine day and a great occasion. The event was the dedication of the Sunday-school building and the rebuilt church edifice. Dean McKee had an important part in the service. Many who receive inspiration from Mr. McKee will remember how fittingly he gathered up and expressed the gratitude and worship of the great audience.

Dean Mathews had been asked to deliver an address now famous, "Militant Idealism." It is a striking subject. The speaker brought out very clearly the weakness of that spirit which wants to retire from the world. He showed that the mind of Christ is a noble and courageous discontent with things that ought to be changed. Christianity would organize a great army of those who can bring things to pass. None of those who heard Dean Mathews will forget his characterization of Jesus: the Leader of a great hope, a Man of sublime courage, one who could die more easily than turn back.

Later in the day, at the vesper hour, Dean Mathews spoke again. His text was about as unique as the morning topic: "Of the residue thereof, he maketh a god."

He told the story, in Isaiah, chap. 44, of the man who cuts down a fir tree, uses part to warm himself, cooks a meal with some, and carves a god out of the rest. Phases of modern idolatry was the general theme. The speaker classed modern "gods" as follows: Business, Social Conventions, Culture, and Social Service.

Business is the god most worshiped by the men of our times. Consuming interest, monopolizing emotions, dwarfing the imagination, this god is a tyrant not to be trifled with. The Dean pointed out the poverty of soul of those who worship business and pity those who may be far above themselves in spiritual quality.

Social Conventions, the god of things-as-they-are. Dean Mathews pictured that timidity of people who would be nonentities in the world rather than challenge custom. The result of such worship is an inferior self.

The god Culture was held up for inspection. Better than the others named, culture is yet but an idol when it is made first. They who worship culture may run to class pride. Their ideals may be selfish rather than universal.

Social Service is a god that many refuse to spell with a small g. Here is a form of idol-making which is at least more commendable than all

the rest. The desire to serve, to bring things to pass for one's fellow-mortals is praiseworthy. It is hard to pick flaws in people whose motives are so practical and so kindly, and yet to make an idol of social service is but to borrow the same wood used by the practical business world. Social service cannot be supreme. At best it can be only an expression of a life which is fired by human pity and self-appreciation.

Worship must go higher than anything about us. What we worship must make us better and never degrade us, supremely above us. Not of "the residue" are we to frame something to worship. God, the Father of Jesus, alone able to satisfy our highest yearnings, is to be sought in study and service and worship.

Delivered with intense conviction, of high intellectual tone, these addresses made a profound impression upon the girls. And Dean Mathews did more than make impressions; he changed the course of some lives. His personality, his friendly interest in people, his memory of faces and names, his bubbling sense of humor are only features of a strong life. The abiding effect of his visit was produced by his contagious faith. For many who met Dean Mathews, religion must become more than a name or a duty.

W. J. PEACOCK

"Some Dinner"

BY THERESA FALKENAU

Billy Hendricks, Junior, most popular man of his class, had been out of college barely a year, when he succumbed to the charms of matrimony, and bought a little suburban home to run on shares with the stunning little southern girl who had captured his heart. The wedding was in a southern city, and the cottage in a fashionable suburb not far distant. Hence it was not strange that even Hendricks' most intimate friends had never had a glimpse of his lively young wife. Truth to tell, during those first, golden, honeymoon months, Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks had each been fully convinced that the other was sufficient company. But now Hendricks began to wish that he could show her off to certain of his Alpha Delta brothers, and assure them that for once they had no chance.

Fate is sometimes kind to us, and on this sunny morning in December, it was destined that Billy Hendricks should have his wish. He glanced appreciatively across the sunny little breakfast table at Ethel as she poured his coffee. Her snowy sleeves fell back revealing the soft, white arms. Her large, dark eyes danced invitingly. Her elusive smile darted hither and thither as she teased and cajoled her young lord by turns.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

And altogether breakfast was progressing merrily when the stuttering call of the telephone bell interrupted.

"I'll go, Eth," said Billy, hastily pushing back his chair. "That's probably Brown about the traction deal." But instead of Brown's voice, the booming tones of one of his college classmates came to him over the wire. The two men were in town for a couple of days, and *might* they come out and meet the far-famed Mrs. Hendricks? *Might* they! Hendricks blew a kiss to fate, and invited them on the spot to dinner that night, adding: "Wait until you meet Ethel, boys. She's one grand little wife. And say—she'll give you *some* dinner!"

"A couple of my frat brothers," Billy enthusiastically explained as he slid back into his chair. "I asked 'em up to dinner tonight. They're crazy to meet you, Eth. You'll like 'em too. Say, let's give 'em a dinner that will give 'em something to remember! I want to get out some of that 1830 Madeira—just to celebrate, you know."

"It's lucky we have Stella," Ethel commented contentedly. "Cream soup—um—fruit ice—even if she did come only yesterday, she knows just how to get to work. Roast lamb—mashed potatoes—*would* you have mashed or creamed?"

"Looks as if her face had been stepped on," Hendricks replied, "but this sure is good coffee."

"*Billy!*" Mrs. Hendricks glanced apprehensively over her shoulder, "If she should hear you! She *is* a good cook and if we are *very* careful, we ought to be able to keep her at *least* two months." Mrs. Billy looked so adorably grave and domestic as she stated this impressive fact that Hendricks surveyed her joyously, and mentally congratulated himself for the four hundred and sixth time.

"Eth," he said fatuously, "you've got a *dimple*. Smile again, honey." Whereupon Mrs. Billy obligingly smiled, blew him a kiss, and disappeared into the kitchen. She was determined to make Billy proud of her, and with her usual ability, quickly planned an irresistible little dinner, and caught the nine-five express to the city, for a day's shopping expedition.

At five o'clock Mrs. Hendricks walked up to the house with springing steps. Now shopping is not conducive to good looks in most women. But with Ethel, the joy of seeing and buying pretty things was enough to send the sparkles into her eyes and deepen the rose in her cheeks. She surveyed the house lovingly for a moment, opened the door, and stepped in. Not a sound came from the dainty kitchen, not a rattle from the little butler's pantry. Everywhere reigned the brooding quiet of the well-conducted household. Mrs. Hendricks paused a moment, serene in the knowledge that the new cook and second girl were getting

along well together. Experience had made Mrs. Billy wary. So instead of inspecting the dinner once more, as she longed to do, she resolutely turned her back, and devoted her energies to getting dressed.

At six-thirty, Hendricks ran jovially up the steps and ushered in two bulky young men. They towered far above their young hostess as she stood, flushed and dimpled, in the doorway, dusky curls piled high, slender figure draped in palest yellow. Even Ashby, the professional heart-breaker, and Trevor, the handsome young cynic, were not slow to recognize her winsome charms, and they followed her willingly into the fire-lit library. Ashby sank into a Morris chair, deep in conversation with Hendricks' pretty wife. Tom Trevor, six feet two of healthy manhood, lounged against the mantelpiece as he and Hendricks exchanged reminiscences of old Alphalfa Delt days. Now and then his admiring, dark eyes strayed to Ethel's animated face, and he smiled lazily as she sent him a fleeting smile, which, in some way or other, seemed to be meant for the good-looking young fellow beside him. Trevor glanced at the sleek, blond head, at the clean-cut face with its resolute chin, the whimsical mouth, the frank, gray eyes with their fearless smile, and in his heart of hearts was glad that fate had been good to his chum.

"O Mr. Trevor," Ethel's laughing voice recalled him, "will you verify this scandalous statement of Mr. Ashby's in regard to my husband?"

"Whatever it is, I am sorry to say it's true," replied Tom Trevor gaily, and endeavored to hold the wrathful Hendricks in his chair, while he and Ashby recounted the tale of Billy's first college crush.

In the midst of the laughter, the frightened face of Olga, the little Swedish maid, appeared in the door.

"Ef you pleeze, Meester Hendricks, I tank you better come look at cook," she said bravely. A sudden premonition of evil seized Ethel at the sight of Billy's alarmed face. Then an explanation came to her.

"She's probably having trouble with the range again," she said easily. "You go, Billy."

"If you don't mind," said Ashby, rising hastily, "I'll go with you. I happen to know something about those gas ranges myself." Excusing themselves, the two men hurriedly left the room, while Trevor and Mrs. Hendricks plunged into an animated discussion of stove cooking versus the camp-fire. Trevor was patiently explaining the art of toasting bacon when—

"What's that?" said Ethel suddenly. A smothered exclamation had penetrated the library door, followed by the sound of Ashby's hearty laughter. And even while the two in the library frankly listened, Mr. William Hendricks' voice rang out in no very lady-like manner. Trevor's hands flew to his ears, and a horrified expression crossed his mobile face.

"Billy *never* talked like that at college," he protested. But Mrs. Hendricks did not hear him. She was listening with strained ears to the strange medley of sounds which followed—a tugging and bumping as of a heavy sack of meal being lugged upstairs—muttered directions and panting breaths, punctuated by several expressive words, smothered by the swinging door, and gradually disappearing up the back stairs.

Two minutes later, two breathless, disheveled men came slowly into the library.

"Madame," stated the red-faced Ashby, grandiloquently, "I beg leave to state that your cook seems to have fallen into your wine cellar, and—fact is, she is so-er-ah-drowsy that she had to be removed to her room to sleep it off."

"Has she—been drinking?" gasped Mrs. Hendricks, horrified.

"Drinking?" questioned Billy gloomily. "No name for it. Cut it, you chump." This last to Ashby, who was endeavoring to cross the room with unlovely, pitching strides. For a few moments, there was an awkward silence during which Billy wondered what they were going to do, and Ethel thought desperately. Too late for a restaurant, "green" little second maid, dinner only half ready, and already it was half-past eight. Memories of the old, hilarious Sunday night teas came to her, and suddenly she arose and started toward the kitchen.

"Come on, people," she cried gaily. "You are all coming out to the kitchen and help me get dinner. Olga doesn't know a thing about cooking. So you'll have to do the work, and I'll tell you what to do." She produced three big aprons, and, one by one, tied them around the ample waists of her rollicking guests, and set them to work.

Now on a cold night, there is something about a warm white kitchen that causes the spirits to soar above the formality of drawing-room etiquette. Add an irresistibly pretty girl and three light-hearted, irresponsible men, and an interesting evening results. The cook had been thoughtful enough to leave the dinner half ready before she disappeared from the scene of action. Hence it did not take long to "finish things up." Bobbing curls piled high, cheeks flushed scarlet with the heat, Ethel presided over the stove with the audacious Ashby as an ardent helper. Billy divided his time between the dining-room and kitchen, while Trevor, with folded arms, sat on the kitchen table and good naturedly jeered at each of them.

"Ashby," he said tenderly, "you're a sweet little boy and mighty pretty. But you've got flour on the left-hand corner of your nose."

"Honest, Sadie!" Ashby endeavored to view the offending feature, cross-eyed, and barely escaped baptizing Hendricks with the hot gravy.

"*Good night!*" gasped Billy, grabbing the dripping gravy boat.

"What d'you think this is! Come on, you people—everything's on the table."

The next hour was one of unrestrained merriment. The little rose-shaded table rang with laughter. A flush deepened in Ethel's cheeks as the evening wore on, and she teased Ashby unmercifully. Hendricks beamed contentedly, and Trevor wondered if after all it would be so bad to settle down. The dinner was perfect from the sharp, green ice down to Ethel's clear, fragrant coffee, which they drank around the crackling fire in the dusky living-room. The hours sped by on wings. Ashby wondered if Ethel had heard this story. Trevor insisted that she hear that story. Billy, himself, put in an eager word. And Ethel divinely happy, listened to tales of Billy's college life which she had never heard before, how just as the whistle blew, he sent the ball soaring to the goal, winning the game before an uproarious grandstand.

Trevor set down his cup. "George, but that was some kick!" he said, smiling retrospectively. "But did you ever hear about the time Bill broke his ankle?—No?" He launched into an enthusiastic account of Hendricks' strategy in a manner that convulsed his hearers. Story followed story, joke followed joke, until gradually the flames flickered lower and lower. A vague idea that it was time to go began to dawn on the two collegians. Trevor casually glanced at his watch. The two jeweled hands pointed exactly at one. One o'clock! Trevor stared hard. What under the heavens had they been doing all that time? Trevor, horrified, glanced at his hostess and wondered if she would ever ask him again. He fervently hoped she would. Sternly he marched the protesting Ashby to the door, while apologizing to his laughing host and hostess. *Heavens!* What a blunder—and their first call at that! Why, she'd think they didn't *know* any better.

Bulky forms in heavy overcoats, hats in hand, the two men made their adieus and trudged down the snowy path. Half-way to the gate, Ashby suddenly stopped and turned toward the two in the doorway. Overcome with laughter at the remembrance of the evening, he sped the parting shot. "Good night, old man," he shouted brokenly. "Verily, ye spake the truth this morning. *Believe me, that was some dinner!*"

Which Girl?

BY RUTH J. HASTINGS

Madge was the girl's name. She had been in a certain boarding-school for three years. She was president of her Junior class and the Junior editor for the school paper. She was conscientious in her work and a delight to her instructors. If Mary, or Kate, or Sue had the

"blues," Madge remained home from the party to comfort; or if Fanny had had trouble with the music teacher, Madge's counsel was sought before any reconciliation was effected. The girls all loved her and she was an all-around "good fellow."

One night she committed a terrible crime. During the recreation period before retiring, Madge left her dormitory and went to spend the night with her chum who lived in the village. Unfortunately, the teacher on duty remembered to return a plate on which Madge had thoughtlessly, we shall now call it, taken her fudge the Saturday preceding. Where was that girl? She was no place on the campus. An unpardonable offense!

Next door to Madge there lived another girl. At almost any time of day one could find her on one corner of her bed, surrounded with pillows, munching an apple, and absorbed in reading McCutcheon's latest production. Seventeen times out of the month the bulletin board recorded that her room deportment was below the requirement. If she happened to feel favorably inclined, she attended the lecture or the recital or church. If she didn't, she remained in her room until some teacher inquired the cause of her absence, and then pleaded illness. The teachers in her estimation were all "simps," and "prigs," and "crabs," and the girls were all too childish for her to enjoy their company. In other words, she lived by herself. What sort of an acquisition was this girl to her school?

Which of the two girls described could the institution better afford to lose? If they expelled Madge, who, in search of a little amusement, had once broken the rules of the school, they lost an inspiring, active student. If they expelled the other girl they ridded themselves of a drone and a person whose influence did not tend to elevate the *tone* of the school itself.

The Art of Table Conversation

BY BERNEDA PIERSON AND FRANCES SCHMIDT

Table Conversation! One never quite comes into contact with it until he or she has entered a boarding-school, where the meals are eaten to the music of such eloquence as the following:

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith! It gets about five degrees colder every day, doesn't it?" "Yes, I had a letter from Mary and she is getting along wonderfully well in her school work." "Were you ever in Washington?—Uncooked, please.—Well, I was there last summer so must tell you about it."

All of this conventional talk when you are just aching to tell Ann,

who sits across the table, how you washed the cat in the bowl; how it looked like a drowned rat, and was so frightened that its eyes fairly bulged out, and it grew rigid. Or, "Roomy, why didn't you remind me to bring a clean napkin?" "How good those rolls look!"

"I had the funniest dream last night, people, and I was rigid with terror when the rising bell woke me! I was picnicking alone out at Point Rock when 'along came a spider and sat down behind her.'—Milk, please.—I ran and ran, but the spider kept gaining on me until he was beginning to weave his web around me and—I woke up. Ugh! you know how I love spiders, Kate!"

"I used to kill all the spiders that entered our tent one summer, with the back of a hair brush, and then I brushed my hair directly afterward. Muriel killed the mosquitoes and flies, and Millicent removed grasshoppers from the ridgepole."

"Speaking of dreams reminds me that I dreamed three times of attending my own funeral. I saw the casket piled with flowers and people crying. On the way to the cemetery, though, I suddenly remembered that I didn't know how to act in heaven because I hadn't read my Bible very often. I opened the Bible that was in the casket and sticking my head out of the hearse window, told the coachman to drive very slowly so that I'd have time to read a lot."

"Hilda, are you going to wash your hair today? . . . Will you do my locks up in that new way after lunch?"

"I wonder what the hash is made of today?" "Hello, old friend, I saw you this morning as coffee cake, this noon as cake, and tonight—no, you can't disguise yourself in the form of a pudding without my knowing it." But of course to speak of one's food is the height of ill manners.

Table conversation, as demanded, is an art—something which must appeal to one's sense of the aesthetic, so it is worth cultivating—I am told.

Loafing

BY CONSTANCE WARE

Loafing is the act of getting a living without work. There are many different kinds of loafing. It is practiced by the rich and the poor, by men and by women. Although many people try to disguise the fact that they are loafing they find it rather hard to do, as it is very noticeable in anyone afflicted with the disease. We usually call a man who sits outside a country store telling fish stories, a loafer, but is not the man who holds a public office and does not try to better conditions a bigger loafer than the country-store man? Men who try to obtain money

through fake pretenses, such as the salesmen for blue sky and gold bricks, are the most immoral and debased loafers that we have, because they try to defraud honest people of their well-earned savings. Some of these people probably commenced their life of loafing in their early school days, by letting their friends get their lessons for them or by trying to get through their recitations by bluffing. As loafing is a very dangerous disease, we should be careful not to get the poison into our bodies.

Cooking Your Supper

BY MARGIE BLOUGH

"Have you ever cooked your supper in the woods, on a dreamy, smoky autumn evening? Then have you sat around the crackling fire, toasting marshmallows and telling stories? You haven't? Well my dear, you must try it soon.

"Some Saturday evening, when you come home from school, tired and irritable, instead of staying in the house and reading, or worrying about your school work, make up your mind that you are going to the woods to cook your supper. Run over to Marion's, and see if she isn't willing to accompany you. All you will need to take along with you is a few matches, plenty of bread and butter, some wienies, and a couple of apples to roast, and marshmallows.

"Wander among the trees, until you find the place to build your fire. If you can find a sandy spot so much the better. Now, gather the wood for the fire. Oh! it is so much fun, running under this tree, then under that bush to find just the right piece for the fire. After you have collected enough of the dry sticks, you will need a few leaves to use as kindling. In a minute, you will have a rousing fire.

"Now, seat yourself in true Indian fashion before the crackling, burning sticks. Although this is to be your first attempt at cooking in the open air, you will find it is easy. Place the apples in the coals, at the edge of the fire, where instantly they will commence to sizzle and hiss. Next take a long, slender stick, put a wienie on the end of it, and hold it over the fire to roast. How appetizing they smell, and how good they taste, when with a wienie in one hand, bread and butter in the other, you eat and eat, until every morsel is gone.

"Then pile more wood on the blaze, and watch the sparks as they shoot up into the air. You toast your marshmallows now; some burn, some drop off the sticks, and others are toasted a delicious brown.

"The tired feeling has gone, and when you return home, you are so happy and care-free, that you wonder why you never tried this before."



Editorials

Good-Will Toward Men

"There is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving."—
Drummond, *Greatest Thing*.

December is back again, old December! The almanac pictures December as a bent old man with a scythe; I like to think of this month as a happy child, for with December comes Christmas, the happiest time of all the year.

Love is the true spirit of Christmas. The children of long ago saved up their pennies far ahead to buy this or that trifle for mother or father; and then it took real courage to save because the pennies were few and far between. And how joyfully they received every gift, were it home-made doll or rosy-cheeked apple! In those days people thought not so much of what they got as what they gave. And they gave their best, in the spirit of Him who so loved us that he gave his life, the greatest of all gifts, that we might know true happiness.

Instead of thinking of what we shall receive, let's go and do something for someone else. Shop early so that shop girls and delivery men will not be rushed to the limit of their endurance at the last moment, and so come to hate the Christmas which should be such a happy time for everyone. Our gifts need not be costly, let them rather be made with thoughts of love. The spirit of Christmas is too *sacred* to be cheapened with gifts given without love.

Don't make it the sort of Christmas where one says, "Oh, I'll be glad when Christmas is over"; for if our inheritance of Christmas has come to the point where it is a burden, it would be better to give only a hearty handshake and a word of greeting and feel at the same time, all of us, that it is good to be alive.

When you were small, Santa Claus climbed down the chimney and filled your stocking to the brim. Now it is your turn to be Santa Claus; for should any child lose his faith in Santa Claus because of our neglect, the faith that he can keep only a few years at the longest? If *everyone did his share* there would be no little child who could say: "Santa Claus has forgotten me!" Christ was the son of a poor laborer, but he became heir to the kingdom of heaven. Why don't we, who are more fortunate, remember our neighbor in his misfortune, which, after all, is not his fault? Indeed, he may be greater and more worthy of praise than we, in his later life.

So with "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," let us make merry together when the bells ring out the glad tidings, not in the spirit of the rich fool who said: "For tomorrow we die," but just because tomorrow we live.

Our Christmas Spirit

Every morning brings us one day nearer to the joyful home-going. We have rehearsed this thrilling event, curled up in our beds, after the lights-out bell, every Sunday during Quiet Hour, and especially on the days when we are as "blue as indigo." We have rehearsed it all the way from that wonderful Friday afternoon, when we step on the train bound for home, to our return, loaded with our Christmas gifts.

It seems as if we have considered every phase of this event of events, from every conceivable point of view. But have we thought of the attitude of our parents? Oh yes! of course they will be glad to see us and no doubt have been looking forward to it as much as we. But, do we realize what it really means to them? Their anxiety to know if we are well, if we are really enjoying our work, if we really work, if we have any good times or all good times, if we keep our buttons sewed on, if we have gained in weight or if we are ill-fed. Hash! Don't mention it! Really such things are insignificant and very trivial to our material well-being. Of course boarding-school life is not always a "bed of roses," but what is life? After all, those who appear most happy have the most to put up with. Life is a mixture of joys and sorrows and is it not best that it should be so? What characterless beings we should be if everything were made easy for us.

It is our duty to make a good impression, to give a picture of the pleasant side of boarding-school life and not a pessimistic one. We know all about making impressions on strangers—but on our parents, we have never thought of such a thing. But this is really what we have to do. We should not tell our parents how we long for auto-rides and theaters, and how we crave the "eats" that Bridget used to make. Let us take

home with us a deep feeling of appreciation for the splendid environment we are living in, and the excellent opportunities we are enjoying at Frances Shimer. This will be the true Christmas spirit to take home.

That Christmas Vacation

Only thirty-four more days until Christmas! In order that this may not be misleading I will say that Christmas to the girls is the day when they leave here. The chief topics of table conversation are time-tables, counting the days till vacation, or the number of meals and classes left to attend, the times to go to church, or something else which they dislike to do.

Nearly every day some girl brings up the subject of Christmas vacation and has everything figured up. Not only the days are counted, but the hours, minutes, and seconds. This year has not been the first by any means. Last year one of the girls mentally and verbally crossed out each second all the way to the station, and just as the train was coming around the bend cried, "One more second, girls!"

Making out a route home is another important topic of table conversation. All of the girls who are going west try to arrange to go together; likewise those going north, east, or south. Mary, perhaps, was going on an early morning train, but since Bell leaves in the evening Mary changes her plans accordingly, even though father will have to get up at two o'clock in the morning to meet her. Blanche finds that by going a certain way with a certain friend she will avoid a long wait from 12:00 M. until 2:00 A.M. Of course, it is the long wait that she dislikes.

Then there is much talk about the many advantages of home. There will be no more getting up when the 6:30 bell rings, and no more going to bed at 9:30. There will be dances, parties, and plays to attend, and a never-ending menu of just the right things to eat.

And so the counting goes on: only twenty-eight more times to go to Miss Baldwin's class, only ninety more meals in the Frances Shimer dining-room, only *three* more times to go to church. The teachers never need to keep track of departing events, for they are well informed three times a day just how things are going.

But there are two sides to every question. Just think of the few days left to spend with Nell, Betty, Laura, or Margaret, your dearest friend! For probably you live in the southeast corner of Indiana and your "crush" lives in the northwestern part of Iowa. To be away from her two weeks when for ten you haven't been away from her for one day! Then, there are only a few more days left in which to buy Hershey's

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

milk chocolate at the Bookstore or to buy "eats" from the bake lady. There will be no more birthday cakes to plan for and eat. With a pang of regret, we remember that there are none of these good things at home.

But the days go on, and finally the wonderful day comes when everybody leaves with a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." And after that glorious Christmas vacation is over, there comes the keen delight in returning to our school, and the reckoning of pleasant and unpleasant things is forgotten—until another vacation approaches.

Musical

Jessie Beers, Vivian Lowrey, Miriam Samuels, and Gertrude Munger of the Voice Department formed the quartette that furnished special music at the Baptist Church, on November 30. They sang "The Good Shepherd," by Barri.

An informal recital was given by some of the pupils of the Voice Department under the direction of Miss Howard, on November 29. The recital was held in the vocal studio. Those participating were the Misses Brigham, Maloy, Mandl, Holderman, Samuels, Woodroffe, Fargo, Graham, Hillibrand, Fitzwater, and Cattermole. All of the pupils showed decided improvement since the beginning of the year.

A pupils' recital given by the Expression Department was held in the school auditorium on November 15. Vivian Lowrey and Dorothy Fargo of the Voice Department assisted the readers. The following program was presented:

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm	<i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>
NELLIE RICE	
Slave Song.	<i>Del Riego</i>
DOROTHY FARGO	
The Man with One Talent	<i>Richard Harding Davis</i>
DORA SPATH	
Love among the Ruins	<i>Robert Browning</i>
DOROTHY HOWELL	
Scene at Doctor Blimber's	<i>Charles Dickens</i>
FLORENCE SISLER	
Who is Sylvia }	<i>Schubert</i>
Hark! Hark! the Lark }	
VIVIAN LOWREY	
The Book Agent	
ELDA PLATT	

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The organ at the First Baptist Church, which has been reconstructed and improved upon, was heard by the public for the first time after its completion, the first week of November. On this occasion Mr. Bertram Webber, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, gave a very enjoyable recital of well-selected numbers.

Mr. Earl C. Smith, of Mt. Carroll, appeared in a piano recital at the First Baptist Church, on October 22. He gave an interesting program in a good style, revealing a good tone and a clean, crisp technique. He was enthusiastically received, and responded with a few encores.

Mr. Emil Liebling, visiting director of the Piano Department, came out from Chicago, November 25, and appeared in the first of his series of quarterly recitals that evening. His program was made up of numbers, most of which have not been played by him at his visits heretofore. They were given with his usual fire and warmth, and his encores, the Dvořák "Humoresque" and his own "Spring Song," were beautifully done.

Miss Howard, in her two vocal numbers, appeared at her best, and Miss Hagberg, with Mr. Liebling accompanying, played two movements from the Chopin E minor Concerto most brilliantly. Following is the program as rendered:

Variations, opus 120	MR. EMIL LIEBLING	<i>Chaminade</i>
Impromptu, opus 36	}	<i>Chopin</i>
Valse, opus 64		
Barcarolle, opus 60		
	MR. LIEBLING	
Dost thou know that sweet land? "Mignon"		<i>Thomas</i>
	MISS HOWARD	
Romanza and Finale from Concerto, opus 11		<i>Chopin</i>
	MISS HAGBERG, accompanied by MR. LIEBLING	
Ballet Music		<i>Schubert</i>
Scherzo		<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	MR. LIEBLING	
Nymphs and Shepherds		<i>Purcell</i>
	MISS HOWARD	
Consolation		<i>Liszt</i>
Valse de Concert		<i>Moszkowski</i>
	MR. LIEBLING	

The Dawn of Plenty

On October 8, Mr. Frank Stockdale gave a lecture on "The Dawn of Plenty," accompanying it with moving pictures showing the

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

wonderful improvement in farming implements and farming methods. It showed how the modern Egyptians work in the field, just as they did in ancient times, and how the United States especially has improved by the invention of wonderful labor-saving and time-saving machines. It showed how Chicago looked one hundred years ago—a little village with not more than ten houses in it. Then it showed how Chicago looks now with its numerous factories and smoke stacks that mark the vast amount of manufacturing which is going on there.

Mr. Stockdale comes from Chicago and is a lecturer for the International Harvester Company.

The Ben Greet Players

On October 29, the Ben Greet Players presented the *Merchant of Venice* as it used to be given in Shakespeare's day. As a general rule we are wont to feel that stagecraft of the present day is far superior to that of Elizabethan times; but the Ben Greet Players more than proved to us the error of this view. From the beginning to the end of the play, the poetry, the characters held the attention of the audience. There was no modern stage setting to take the interest of the spectators from the really important parts of the play; no laborious moving-about of stage properties between scenes; no interminable waits between acts. So simple was the stage setting that, without lowering the curtain, the few necessary changes were easily made by stage hands costumed like stage hands of Shakespeare's day. The players portrayed the characters carefully and minutely. Shylock copied the famous Burbage of the Elizabethan era and the clown, Launcelot Gobbo, made his elaborate and characteristic Elizabethan appeal to the galleries. All characters—important or minor—were portrayed with equal care. The players read real poetry and read with a charm and vividness that attracted the listener and played upon his imagination. The Ben Greet Players, in a very satisfactory and remarkable manner, showed us *less* of the actors—but *more* of Shakespeare.

Dr. Metcalf's Address

On Tuesday, November 11, Dr. Metcalf gave a talk in Chapel. We had been told that the Doctor would talk about fresh air and walking. So everybody went to Chapel on Tuesday expecting to hear a long and detailed discourse on the subject of the advantages of walking on cold and frosty mornings and making the round of the limits twice a day. But much to our relief and satisfaction, the trite subject of walks was

merely touched upon as one factor among the many which go toward lengthening and strengthening bodily life.

Dr. Metcalf told us, in a very interesting way, how Methuselah kept young, comparing and contrasting Methuselah's with modern methods. He quoted some sage advice given by that worthy to his son in the days gone by and assured us that the same advice held true even today. Setting aside his very fascinating allusions to Methuselah, Dr. Metcalf explained to us some useful facts of hygiene and dietetics. Dr. Metcalf's is one of the most thoroughly and generally enjoyed of all the Chapel exercises given, so far, this year.

A Travelogue

Rev. John N. Mills, D.D., of Evanston, Illinois, was with us for a few days during the latter part of November, and on the evening of the 22d gave a lecture on Japan, China, and Korea. This was illustrated by beautifully colored stereopticon views which helped us realize how exquisite some of the oriental scenery is. The pictures of the cherry blossoms, and the interior of the Japanese homes were especially interesting, as was the new knowledge gained from Mr. Mills's descriptions, which were delightfully given. In his talk in Chapel he made clear the marvelous progress of the Chinese Republic. He set forth the inviting fields it offers to missionary enterprise and raised the question whether some of the girls should not give their lives to China. He explained the favorable attitude of the government and people to Christian missions and warned his hearers that what is done must be done quickly or China will go the way of Japan into agnosticism.

Hesper Services

October 12.—Dean McKee talked on health, in its relation to beauty, comfort, and efficiency.

October 19.—Miss Boyd read Kipling's *Brushwood Boy*.

October 26.—Annette Hutchison and Elizabeth Darnell told about the Y.W.C.A. Conference in Chicago. Mrs. J. F. Hendra, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, entertained us by reciting "Brushwood," by Thomas Buchanan Read.

November 2.—Mrs. Patton gave a deeply interesting talk on the text: "Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?" by Browning.

November 9.—Dean Shailer Mathews talked to an audience of townspeople and girls on the text: "And of the residue thereof he maketh a god."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

November 16.—Miss Brown read *Pelleas and Melisande*, by Maeterlinck.

November 23.—Veta Thorpe, leading Y.W. vespers, read *The Source*, by Henry van Dyke. Therese Falkenau read *A Thanksgiving Story*, by Eugene Field; and Vivian Lowrey sang "O Savior, Hear Me," by Glück.

November 30.—Miss Morrison read "Gwen," from the *Sky Pilot* by Ralph Connor.

Chapel Exercises

October 17.—Elizabeth Darnell read "Scared of Dyin'," by Annie Trumbull Slosson. This little story is charmingly written in child dialect and Miss Darnell read it very characteristically.

October 24.—Ruth Chester played Liszt's "Consolation."

October 31.—Marjorie Graham gave a résumé of Aldrich's amusing story, *Marjorie Daw*.

November 7.—Jessie Beers sang "Wind in the Trees," by Goring-Thomas.

November 14.—Therese Falkenau read an Irish dialect piece—"Mr. Dooley on Travel," by Peter Dunne.

November 21.—Florence Engelbrecht played Chopin's Etude, op. 10, No. 3.

November 28.—Berneda Pierson read the speech given by President Wilson at Gettysburg on the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. She read also Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, comparing and contrasting the speeches of the two men and the circumstances under which each was written.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Weekly Meetings

The weekly meetings of the Y.W.C.A. for the past two months have been interesting and helpful. Not only may the leaders be commended, but also the large and enthusiastic attendance at these meetings.

On October 3, Miss Dixon talked to us about making the best of the opportunities of school life.

The meeting held on October 10 was a missionary meeting, led by Dorothy Truesdale, a member of the missionary committee.

October 17, Dorothy Howell led. Her subject was friendship—"To Have a Friend Is to Be a Friend." Miss Howell told what constituted friendship, how to choose friends, the value of friendship, and spoke of the greatest Friend of all.

The Y.W.C.A. music committee had charge of the meeting held on October 24. Vivian Lowrey, chairman of the committee, led the meet-

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

ing. Among the musical numbers given, the Senior Quartette sang an arrangement of Carrie Jacobs Bond's "A Perfect Day"; Miss Boyd played the "Meditation" from *Thais*, by Massenet; Dorothy Fargo sang "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," by Perry; and Vivian Lowrey and Gertrude Munger sang an arrangement of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," by Lassen.

October 31, Veta Thorpe led the meeting. The subject was "Words, Words, Words"—dealing with the correct usage, the power, and the highest and finest mission of words in life.

The first meeting in November was a missionary meeting, again conducted by the missionary committee. Clara Walker was the leader.

November 14, Mrs. Allen led in a very beautiful and profitable fireside meeting in College Hall.

November 21, Catherine Creager led. The subject of this meeting was "A Lion in the Way."

November 28 was the Thanksgiving meeting. Berneda Pierson led. Her subject was "The Spirit of Thanksgiving." This meeting was very helpful and appropriate.

The World's Week of Prayer

The Y.W.C.A. observed the World's Week of Prayer during the week beginning November 9. Prayers were offered for the Stockholm Conference, which is to be held in Stockholm, Sweden, June 10-18, 1914, for the new associations, and for Y.W.C.A. secretaries in foreign fields. The Cabinet had charge of the meetings.

The Bazaar

After weeks of preparation and work, the Bazaar was given on November 22, with results that more than paid for all the work and time devoted to it. The Y.W.C.A. cleared \$105. This money will be spent for various charities and for the new piano for the Y.W.C.A. rooms.

The Bazaar was very pretty and entertaining as well as useful. Each class had a booth. There were candy booths, apron and towel booths, novelty booths, and flower booths. There was even a Japanese booth and tea-room where Japanese girls sold novelties and served ice cream and wafers. The Freshmen (wise, far-seeing sages that they are!) told our fortunes in a very unique way, for five cents a "fortune."

After the Bazaar, with its glorious success, was over, everybody looked the surprise that the Dean expressed in words: "I didn't think you could do it!"

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The Piano

At a Cabinet meeting held November 30, it was decided that the piano should be ordered immediately. The Cabinet with the help of the Dean and their counselor, Mrs. McKee, have decided upon a James and Holmstrom piano. The proceeds from the Bazaar will partly pay for the piano and friends have agreed to advance the money to finish the payment until the Y.W.C.A. is able to raise more money.

Every Y.W.C.A. member will rejoice to hear that we are to have a new piano for our rooms soon after Christmas!

Diversion Club

On October 26, the College girls gave the first Diversion Club entertainment of the year. The program was very novel and interesting—unlike anything that has ever been given here before.

The girls presented living pictures and shadow pictures. The living pictures—first on the program—were living copies of great old paintings. Among these were the pictures "The Gleaners," "Baby Stuart," "The Angelus," "Queen Louise," and "The Age of Innocence." All these pictures and several others were cleverly reproduced by the College girls, appropriately costumed and posed.

"The Ballad of the Oysterman" and "Lochinvar" were the subjects of the two shadow-picture plays. While Miss Horning read the ballads they were acted in a most realistic way behind a white curtain on which the shadows of the performers fell, thus making the shadow pictures.

The next Diversion Club entertainment will be given by the Glee Club on February 7. Following this will be plays by the Juniors, March 7, and by the Seniors, May 9.

Class Notes

The Junior College

The Junior College helped to swell the profit of the Y.W.C.A. bazaar at the flower and candy booths.

Mrs. Patton entertained the college class at a coffee on November 17.

Senior

On Monday afternoon, November 17, Miss Boyd entertained informally for the Seniors.

The Senior pins arrived during the third week of November. A monogram of the letters, F.S.S., forms the pin, which is made of the green-gold, dull finish, and has a tiny pearl imbedded in one corner.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The motto *Esse quam videri*—"To be, rather than to seem"—has been chosen by the class.

The Seniors had charge of the bag and apron booth for the Y.W.C.A. Bazaar.

Sophomore

The Sophomores were assigned the novelty booth for the Bazaar given by the Y.W.C.A.

The first social gathering of the class was a picnic held at Sleepy Hollow, on October 25.

Pink and white have been chosen for the class colors, and the pink rose for the flower.

Freshman

At the Bazaar, November 22, the Freshmen had the fortune-telling booth. The fortunes were hidden in the heart of paper roses and chrysanthemums.

Among the Faculty

In Faculty Parlor, on the afternoon of November 26, the Music Faculty entertained the other teachers in honor of Mr. Emil Liebling.

On Thanksgiving night, Miss Howard and Miss Boston entertained the Faculty at an after-dinner coffee for Miss Gertrude Don of Rock Island, Illinois. Miss Don was head of the Department of Expression in Frances Shimer for two years, 1911-13.

The Backwards Party

One day at dinner Miss Morrison's, Miss Howard's, and Miss Boyd's tables were very much puzzled and surprised to find at their places chestnut burrs in which were hidden weird invitations, written wrong end to, to a Backwards Party to be given in College Hall on the night of October 18. But notwithstanding the mysteriousness of the invitations, those invited did not hesitate to go to College Hall Parlors on the appointed night.

The guests, when they were assembled, presented a most unusual appearance. Coats, dresses, and waists were worn turned around backwards, and masks peered out from under the back ruffles of boudoir caps. Some of the teachers, who had taken the "Backwards" in another sense, appeared as little boys and girls, each wearing a card which said:

Turn backward, turn backward
O time in your flight,
Make me a child again,
Just for tonight.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

We were invited to go into the dining-room and there we were assailed by ghosts—it seemed as though there were at least fifty. They suddenly disappeared into the kitchen and came back with ice cream cones which they commanded us to eat from the bottom up. Sandwiches and pickles came next and with them, chestnut burrs containing rhymes about some members of the party. These caused a great deal of laughter. Lemonade straws were passed around and a huge bowl of cider was placed in the middle of the table. We rapidly made away with the cider and then went to the drawing-room where we spent the rest of the evening in dancing.

The Junior Hallowe'en Prom

DEAR GRETCHEN:

Our Junior Prom, which was given November 1, was such a success that I must tell you about it.

We had decorated the gym that afternoon with piles of corn stalks, autumn berries, and leaves, and had placed grinning jack-o'-lanterns in each window. At seven o'clock the guests were ushered in by two autumn leaves, and the programs were distributed by two chrysanthemum girls.

We had posted an invitation to the other classes, asking each one to represent a different season.

Ho! You Maids of Frances Shimer!
Lady Autumn bids you all,
In the gay robes of the seasons,
To her merry farewell ball!

The Seniors, representing the "Spirit of Christmas," were the first to make their appearance. A jolly old Santa Claus presented candy sticks, sleds, skates, a teddy bear, a bunny, a baby doll, and many other gifts to a little boy and girl. Then Santa, the Christmas tree, the children, and the toys joined hands and danced to the time of "Jingle Bells."

Gretchen, it was too cute for words!

When the Seniors had taken their places, the Specials, Sophomores, and Freshmen, representing spring, gave a Maypole dance. The costumes were so adorable, and the girls took their parts so well!

Next came the College girls, who had selected summer as their season. They carried out every detail of a June wedding. Gretchen, I can't tell you how clever it was! The weeping of the bride's parents at the close of the ceremony affected us strangely—we simply howled.

Of course everyone was very impatient now to know what the

Juniors were going to do. We had arranged a fireplace in the south-east corner of the gym, and near it sat an old woman paring apples. She picked up a pumpkin and was quite surprised to find that it was really a jack-o'-lantern, and was more so when half of the Juniors, dressed as pumpkins, rushed forth and danced around her. She looked on in astonishment as the rest of the Juniors, dressed as witches, came stealing through the fireplace, were joined by the pumpkins, danced up to the Faculty, seated at the opposite corner of the gym, and curtsied. Then the first dance began. Such fun! I only wish you had been here to see it all.

We served orangeade during the evening and after the Junior extra we distributed favors. They were so "cute"! After the sixth dance we served light refreshments—ice cream, wafers, and mints.

Oh! Gretchen, I forgot to tell you about the moon. In the north-west corner we had arranged a harvest moon, and we had several moon dances, which were most enjoyable, especially if one was fortunate enough to have them with her "crush"! How I wish you had been here! We had thirteen dances in all and "Home, Sweet Home" was played at nine-thirty.

My Cicero is waiting for me. Prose, too.

Lovingly,
CATHERINE

Thanksgiving Day at Frances Shimer

The Thanksgiving festivities began at nine with a basket-ball game in the gym. Great excitement prevailed even before the two teams appeared, and when the "Maroons" and "Golds" finally took their places, they were greeted by a very bedlam of cheers and noise. Every instrument of noise available banged, from alarm-clocks to dust-pans. However, when the whistle blew, everyone became quiet and the game was on. The teams were well matched and excellent team-work was prevalent. In the first half, the Maroons seemed nervous and the score mounted in favor of the Golds. The half ended 13 to 8 in their favor. The Maroons, however, more than redeemed themselves by tying the score in the second half. The outcome looked dark for the Golds but they made two more baskets from the field and the game was theirs by a score of 22 to 18. The game was refereed by Mr. Than Miles.

Chapel was held at twelve in Metcalf Hall. The Glee Club sang "The Pilgrims' Chorus," from Tannhäuser, and Dean McKee spoke on the "Reasons for Gratitude." He said we should be thankful, not only

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

for praise received but even more for honest criticism. The service ended with a harvest anthem by the double trio.

Now all thoughts turned to the turkey to come, and at one-fifteen we entered the softly lighted dining-room and found our places at the long tables decorated with chrysanthemums and great piles of Thanksgiving fruit. The double trio sang the "Psalm of the Good Shepherd" as a blessing.

Then the dinner! From oyster cocktail to mince pie it was beyond the power of words to describe, but there is no doubt that we did justice to it. With the pie came the toasts, begun when the College started the round, followed by Seniors, Juniors, and the other classes.

Here's a health to all those that we love,
Here's a health to all those that love us.
Here's a health to all those that love
them, that love those that love
them that love those that love us.

Then the College girls toasted the Dean and Mrs. McKee, and roasted the long-suffering Freshmen.

See the little Freshmen
Sitting in a row,
Eating lots of turkey,
That will make them grow.

The Juniors, according to custom, could not refrain from a thrust at the Seniors and said most condescendingly,

We scorn you always,
But think it wise
When we look in your faces
And gaze in your eyes
To tell you we love you
As high as the skies.

Then the Freshmen appropriately toasted Toddy with—

Here's health and wealth to "Toddy"
The daughter of our Dean.
May she live long and prosper
And be Frances Shimer's queen,

and were followed by the Seniors, who gave a toast to Mrs. Patton, which was entirely in keeping with their newly acquired dignity.

This year has brought a Science Hall to view,
A finer campus now than e'er before.
This year has brought us teachers, old and new,
To love, obey, admire, and adore.

But newer even yet than Science Hall,
A Principal has come to live in College,
A gracious ruler, she, beloved by all
Is here to give to us a greater knowledge.

So here's to you, Mrs. Patton, and
we're glad that you are here.
In the hearts of every one of us
you've found a place most dear.
We've given you a welcome, and
now from all the host,
To you, dear Mrs. Patton, comes
a warm and hearty toast.

In response to the many calls for a speech, Mr. McKee replied to all the toasts, except, "Who Is the Committee?" Mrs. Patton also responded by praising the good-will and spirit shown by all with whom she had come in contact. Dinner ended when everyone rose and sang the school-song.

At seven, the Seniors took possession of College Hall and entertained their guests with a travesty on "Faculty Coffee," which was greatly appreciated by the girls and even more so by the Faculty, who had an opportunity to see themselves as others see them. "After the percolator was washed," programs cut in the shape of turkeys were given out. The orchestra crowded the greatest possible number of dances into the time remaining.

Exchanges

We welcome gladly the few exchanges which we have received so far, and only regret that there are so few to acknowledge. We hope for many more—new ones as well as those with which we are already familiar.

Most of the exchanges received have very little literary work—probably due to the fact that these issues were put out before school literary work really began in earnest. But articles on various school activities in the several school magazines show school spirit and earnestness, thus making *live* school papers.

The American School Peace League prize essay in the *Shepherd College Picket* is of particular interest. Students are glad to read and compare notes with an essay which has won a prize.

The Young Eagle's "Germany's Diadem of Cities" is well written. *The Young Eagle* usually attracts especial attention to its poetry. We are looking for more poetry in the next issue.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The School Reporter of the University of Chicago Elementary School has been a source of great interest and inspiration to the exchange editor of the *Record*. The stories of this little school paper are remarkable for the observation and care which they show. One young author has very aptly described pearl hunting; another has written of electricity and has furnished accompanying diagrams; still another describes an invention of her own—the Pancake Dive. The poems are quite as good if not better than the poems which the little poets have read in their Readers. The Elementary School writers could teach older and more experienced editors many things—but first of all, that *nothing* which is written for the school paper can be given too much care.

The Western Oxford is well arranged and well balanced, although the literary department is not as large as those of some other exchanges.

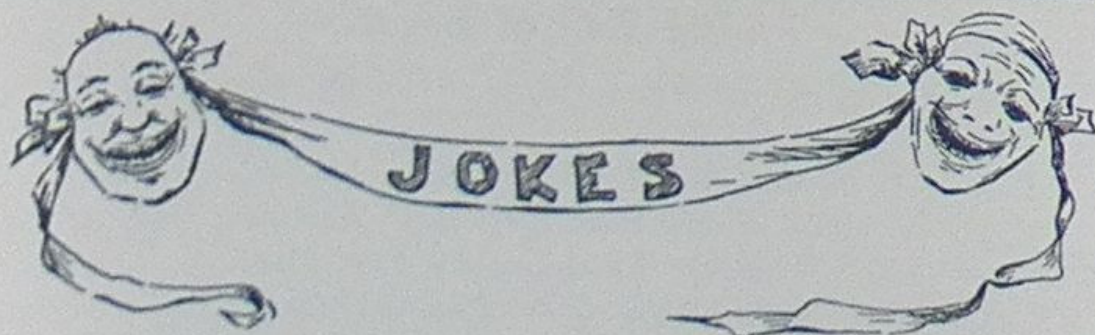
The Jabberwock has a splendid editorial in its November number; also several very clever stories.

The Ogontz Mosaic is rich in editorials all of which are well written and of general interest.

The Wilson College *Phaethra* has an excellent literary department. "The Wickedness of Measles" is a quaint and original little story. The meaning and versification of the poem "Joy" attract particular notice. Also the two articles on "The Piper" and its author are worth while and interesting.

The *Picayune* from Minnesota College, *College Breezes* from Gustavus Adolphus, and the *Wabash College Record* are among the exchanges for the past month.

The November issues of the *Young Eagle* and the *Shepherd College Picket* have also come to us.



R. C. (inquiring into the illustrated travel lecture to be given the following night): Who is Mr. Travelogue?

Mrs. Mc.: What was the Passover?

M. S.: When the Israelites passed over the Red Sea.

C. G.: What is textiles?

G. S.: Oh, that's something to do with eating.

G. S.: The reason she is so bright is because she can consecrate her mind.

Miss B. (to a girl in the wrong room during study hour): Vanish quickly and I will not see you.

D. D. (to a sick girl): Why don't you try Domestic Science (meaning Christian Science)?

Miss M. (speaks of a Doctor's degree in Botany).

E. R. (in astonishment): Oh, do flowers get sick?

On November 18 the following words were found on a placard on the door of Room 65: Ruhamah Mitchell has not been in this room today.

Miss Dixon: What was the position of the Helots in Sparta?

R. W.: The Spartans would kill the Helots and they would never say anything about it.

D. H. (hastening to answer before anybody else): Jereboam was a runner-away! He was a rebeller!

If a teacher fell down stairs would she cry, "I am Hoyt"?

If Hortense wore pink, what would Constance Ware?

If Slivers is seventeen, is Rose Young?

If Dora played forward, whom would Marie Melgaard?

If she stopped elocution, would Dorothy Howell anyway?

Could you spell Jessie Wright?

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The Roll of Honor

The following girls have kept clean and orderly rooms since September 10:

West Hall: Helen Clark, Lucile Deutsche, Marjorie Noyes.

Hathaway Hall: Minnie Bear, Ruth Bear, Katherine Barrett, Veta Thorpe, Dorothy Truesdale, Hazel Leighty, Faye Fleming.

College Hall: Marie Melgaard, Dora Spath, Julia Hickman, Frances Schmidt, Gertrude Munger, Agnes Prentice, Helen Kingery, Vivian Lowrey, Martha White, Annette Hutchison, Dorothy Fargo, Elda Platt, Berneda Pierson, Elizabeth Darnell.

Faculty of Frances Shimer School

Arts, Literature, and Science

WILLIAM PARKER MCKEE, A.M., Dean, History and Economics
MARY PATTON, A.M., Lady Principal and Instructor in Latin
FLORENCE TURNEY MCKEE, Ph.B., Psychology and Biblical History and Literature
ELSIE MORRISON, S.B., Physics, Botany, and College Mathematics
WILLIAM JOHN PEACOCK, B.D., Sociology
MARY FAISON DIXON, A.M., History and English
ELEANOR M. BROWN, Ph.B., S.B., English
GRACE ELIZABETH HOYT, A.M., Latin and German
IRMA WILLARD BOSTON, Ph.B., Home Economics
GRACE R. PIERSON, A.B., French and German
ZALIA JENCKS, S.B., Chemistry, Geology, and Mathematics
DOROTHY MORTON HORNING, A.B., Expression and Physical Culture
GRACE HERBERT LIBEY, Registrar and Secretary to the Dean

Music and Art

EMIL LIEBLING, Visiting Director in Piano
MAUD ZENCIE HAGBERG, Instructor in Piano and History of Music
EDNA ALICE HOWARD, Instructor in Voice
CORINNE A. BRAGG, A.B., Assistant in Piano and Instructor in Harmony
JEANNE M. BOYD, Assistant in Piano and Supervisor of Practice
GRACE M. BAWDEN, Instructor in Art
MABEL MAUD DOUGHERTY, Librarian and Accountant

Students, December 1, 1913

Ank, Ethel Viola	Mount Carroll
Arnold, Lulu Adell	Mount Carroll
Barrett, Katherine	Chicago
Bear, Minnie Elvado	Muscatine, Iowa
Bear, Ruth	Muscatine, Iowa
Beers, Jessie	Mount Carroll
Bemis, Bernice	Janesville, Wis.
Bemis, Jeannette E.	Janesville, Wis.
Bennett, Gladys Mary	Mount Carroll

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Bishop, Anna M.	Lincoln, Neb.
Blough, Margie	Mount Carroll
Boehme, Helen Marie	North Vernon, Ind.
Brigham, Mary Walker	Des Moines, Iowa
Carson, Nellie Raeburn	Indianapolis, Ind.
Cattermole, Carolyn	Mount Carroll
Chester, Grace H.	Wheaton
Chester, Ruth B.	Wheaton
Clark, Helen	Chicago
Clark, Vira Esther	Mount Carroll
Clarke, Martha Vinta	Bellevue, Neb.
Colehour, Clarence	Mount Carroll
Colehour, Theodore	Mount Carroll
Creager, Catherine	Kendallville, Ind.
Crocker, Ruth	Maroa
Dambman, Gladys Viola	Lanark
Darnell, Mary Elizabeth	Waynetown, Ind.
Davies, Dorothy L.	Utica, Neb.
Deutsche, Lucille M.	Chicago
Donaldson, Opal Elta	Milford, Iowa
Eacker, Carlos	Mount Carroll
Englebrecht, Florence Agnes	Mount Carroll
Evans, Alice	Chicago
Falkenau, Therese	Chicago
Fargo, Dorothy Morvilla	Lake Mills, Wis.
Fitzwater, Lodema Pearl	Manhattan, Kan.
Fleming, Faye J.	Garden Grove, Iowa
Flint, Mariam	Dickens, Iowa
Foster, Ruth Salome	Mount Carroll
Graham, Margery	Pueblo, Colo.
Green, Carolyn	Peoria
Groves, Luvia Velma	Savanna
Gutwillig, Frances B.	Chicago
Hastings, Ruth J.	Spencer, Iowa
Hendricks, Dorothy A.	Danville
Hickman, Julia	Benton
Hillibrand, Louise Mae	Antioch
Holderman, Lillian Martha	Paxton
Hostetter, Mrs. Heber	Mount Carroll
Howell, Dorothy Brown	Des Moines, Iowa
Hughes, Mabel Lloyd	Gurnee
Hurley, Helen	Mount Carroll
Hurley, Mildred	Mount Carroll
Hutchison, Annette	Mineral Point, Wis.
Inman, Dorothy M.	Davis
Jacobi, Ernestine	Grand Forks, N.D.
Keim, Alice Laura	Mount Carroll
Kingery, Helen	Chadwick
Leighty, Hazel Marie	Garden Grove, Iowa
Lowrey, Vivian	Pomeroy, Iowa
McCall, Marian Elizabeth	Mount Carroll
McGrath, Gladys Clare	Savanna
McKee, Margaret E.	Mount Carroll
Mackay, Hazel Iona	Mount Carroll
Maloy, Bernice	Redding, Iowa
Mandl, Hortense	Chicago
Manning, Margaret D.	Keosauqua, Iowa
Marth, Margaret	Savanna
Melgaard, Julia Marie	Argyle, Minn.
Miles, Dorothy	Mount Carroll
Miles, Elizabeth	Mount Carroll
Miles, Paul	Savanna

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Miles, Theodore	Mount Carroll
Mitchell, Ruhamah E.	Des Moines, Iowa
Modersohn, Viola	Greenleaf, Wis.
Moore, Helen M.	Mount Carroll
Morrasy, Catherine Wilson	Sheffield
Munger, Gertrude M.	Spencer, Iowa
Norris, Ella Warner	Marshalltown, Iowa
Noyes, Marjorie	Wilmette
Oberheim, Grace	Mount Carroll
Oelschlaeger, Grace E.	Greenleaf, Wis.
Owen, Medora	Savanna
Parker, Edith	Chicago
Patch, Ellen	Mount Carroll
Patterson, Jeannette Mary	Mount Carroll
Pierson, Jesse Berneda	Flint, Mich.
Pischke, Esther	South Bend, Ind.
Platt, Coventry	Chicago
Platt, Elda May	Waterloo, Iowa
Prentice, Agnes Grant	Chicago
Rentfro, Naomi	Metropolis
Reynolds, Ruth	Freeport
Rice, Charlotte	Mount Carroll
Rice, Nellie Viola	Mount Carroll
Roberts, Hanna A.	Chicago
Rogan, Marion Stuart	Janesville, Wis.
Rogers, Mary Catherine	Clinton, Iowa
Rosenbaum, Carrie	Chicago
Rubinkam, Elizabeth Erety	Chicago
Samuels, Miriam	Chicago
Sargent, Constance L.	Galesburg
Schmidt, Frances Eva	Chicago
Seidel, Agnes	Eureka Springs, Ark.
Seybold, Clare	Winona Lake, Ind.
Shaw, Gertrude Katherine	Lee Center
Sipes, Anna	Mount Carroll
Sisler, Florence Irene	Mount Carroll
Sjoholm, Elizabeth Lillian	Chicago
Sloane, Madeline Duncan	Keithsburg
Smith, Gladys Dean	Oak Park
Spath, Dora Ruth	Mandan, N.D.
Strehlow, Anna N.	Joliet
Suffern, Beatrice	Decatur
Swanson, Evelyn	Bishop Hill
Thorpe, Veta	Clinton
Truesdale, Dorothy	Conneaut, Ohio
Van Avery, Gertrude	Eldora, Iowa
Wales, Dorothea Leslie	Lanark
Walker, Clara Louise	Minneapolis, Minn.
Ware, Constance Dorothy	Evansville, Wis.
Weill, Melanie	Kansas City, Mo.
White, Brenda Anne	Pueblo, Colo.
White, Gladys L.	Mineral Point, Wis.
White, Martha Florence	Silver City, N.M.
Wood, Pearl	Mount Carroll
Woodroffe, Margaret M.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Worner, Ruby K.	San José
Wright, Jessie T.	Glenwood, Iowa
Young, Rose	Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Scattered Family

H. S. S. Girls at College

Laverne Burgan	University of Illinois
Winifred McClure	University of Illinois
Margaret Higgins	University of Illinois
Dorothy Creager	University of Chicago
Ann B. Grimes	University of Chicago
Marie Berlin	University of Chicago
Louise Miles	University of Chicago
Margaret Munroe	University of Chicago
Marie Hakes	University of Chicago
Nona Hakes	Northwestern University
Ruth Earhart	Northwestern University
Frances Montgomery	Northwestern University
Mary Emily Merritt	Northwestern University
Lorena Tuttle	Smith College
Glee Hastings	Wellesley College
Ruth Baume	Wellesley College
Norma Jones	Wells College
Dana Willcox	Drake University
Bernice Ayres	Drake University
Winifred Seeger	Lake Forest College
Elaine Buxton	University of Nebraska
Ruth Davis	University of Oklahoma
Ruby Hughes	University of Minnesota
Edna Olaison	Cornell University
Mihoe Nobuhara	University of Colorado
Muriel Smith	University of Iowa
Louise Nelson	Milwaukee-Downer College
Ethel McDonald	Milwaukee-Downer College
Charmion Holbert	Milwaukee-Downer College
	Morningside College

June Briggs, '09-'10, is at home in Delavan, Wisconsin.

Harper McKee returned from South America on December 1.

Winnifred White, '12-'13, is learning millinery in Belvidere, Illinois.

Jessie Whittlesey, '11-'12, is at home this year in Gilmore City, Iowa.

Glee L. Hastings, '12, address is The Birches, Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Underwood, *née* Cora Armstrong, '80, is now living in Duluth, Minnesota.

Margaret Middlekauff, '13, is doing post-graduate work in the High School of Oakland, California.

"The Twin City Frances Shimer Club" met with Mrs. Louise Baker Ellis at her home, 4024 Sheridan Avenue, Minneapolis, on November 15.

Mrs. W. E. Briggs, *née* Elva Calkins, sends her best wishes, together with her subscription for two years, from her home, 767 Fairmount Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Miss Bowman, former teacher of Domestic Science, is now Associate Editor of the *Evanston Daily News*. She recently sent her advance subscription to the *Record* for two years.

Eva May Holman, '01 Academy, Piano and Voice, '06-'07, also a teacher of Piano for some time, is teaching Vocal Music in Port Gibson Female Seminary near Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Mrs. I. M. Stainbeck, *née* Hazel Caldwell, '07-'09, writes from San Francisco, *en route* to Honolulu: "Coming to San Francisco we passed through Mount Carroll and I thought of you all. On the same train was an old Frances Shimer girl, Margaret Middlekauff. We had quite a visit. We sail tomorrow for the good old islands. Will be glad to return. Regards to all I know."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mrs. Joseph Kreuter, *née* Pauline Hayward, writing from her home, 626 West Avenue 54, Los Angeles, incloses her subscription for two years. Of the school she writes: "I am glad to note the improvement in the buildings and grounds and realize that it is one of the best home schools for girls in the country."

Mrs. William F. Bixby, *née* Hazel Evans, '08, writes from her home, 1417 Cursan Avenue, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California: "Is it not lovely to have so many 'Shimer' girls here? I hear from the Roberts girls about once a week and see them often. I am very happily located here in the 'Foot-hills' and I do love California, but Illinois comes first every time. I fear I should feel very strange at Frances Shimer. It is growing so rapidly."

Among the subscriptions received from outside the school since we last went to press are the following: Leta Taylor, Chadwick, Illinois; Beulah G. Litchfield, Flanagan, Illinois; Besse Hausen, Franklin Grove, Illinois; Doris Leach, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mrs. W. E. Briggs, St. Paul, Minnesota; Edna Ames, Chicago; Mae S. Manning, Garden Prairie, Illinois; Mrs. W. F. Bixby; Celestine Dahman, c/o Pension Kammer, No. 8, Rue St. Leger, Geneva, Switzerland; Mrs. C. Edmunds, Bandon, Oregon; Mrs. H. Lloyd Miller, Sunnyside, Washington; Helena R. Griffiths, Henry Barracks, Cayey, Porto Rico; Mary Fry, Cedarville, Illinois; Miss Delana Bailey, Portland, Oregon; Fred S. Smith, Mount Carroll, Illinois; L. W. Harrison, Mount Carroll, Illinois; Abbie L. Bosworth, Elgin, Illinois; Helen L. Quinn, Chicago.

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